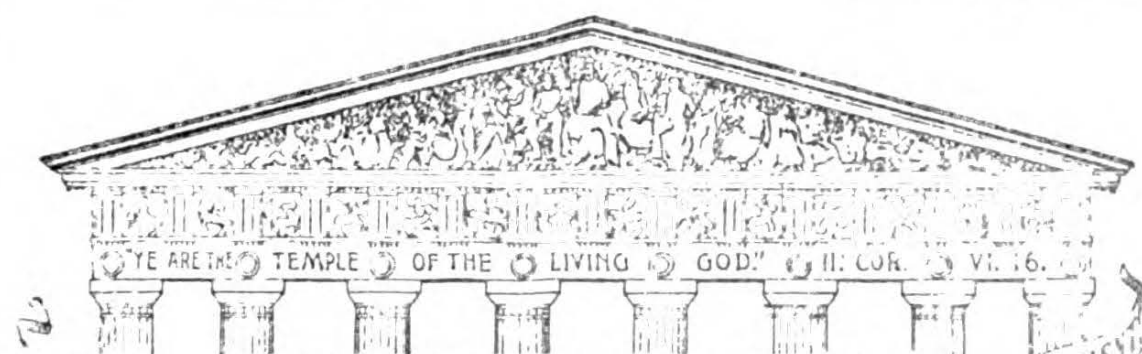


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SCRIPTURES

Vol. 3.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

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THE TEMPLE

VOL. III.

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OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

BY MAY HUNTLY.

I sat before the low fire in the grate, sad and despondent, caring too little for happiness even to mend the flames into something like good cheer. The world looked black and I would not have brightened it if I could. I was poor and unknown and I had hoped ere this to be well on the road to fame and riches. I stood in a worse position than when I began a year before, for then I had at least hope and ambition, and the courage of the ignorant.

I had dared too, to hope for love. A dream face haunted me, and I had vowed to it in that visionary land where we had met so often that sometime I would find her in the real world and woo and win her for my own. That dear hope seemed now crushed forever. We can live and love in dreams without

money, but not in the real world. I dared never hope for love and home in the substantial life. Obscurity, poverty, loneliness, dreariness, were to be my lot in all the future. For failure to the young seems irreparable. And yet my very youth made it insupportable; how was I to endure existence for the many bare and empty years that apparently stretched out before me?

The room was dark; outside the blackness of a cloudy night fell over the earth. The wind sighed mournfully; the street lamps flickered fitfully, the few foot passengers hurried in and out of the lights and shadows like discontented phantoms. The sullen glow from my hearth only served to fling weird shadows over the familiar belongings of the room, making them strange even to me. My soul dwelt in the depths and no impetus came to lift or inspire it.

I threw my head back into my open hands and stared straight into the darkest corner of the room. If something could have walked out of it that would end my existence at that moment, I should have welcomed it. Out of the darkness a substance seemed to be forming—could it be something I had conjured out of my heavy thoughts? Something to put an

end to my despair forever? But it seemed light, filmy, ethereal—not a destroyer. I gazed steadily, closely, long, long, until my eyes ached and then it seemed slowly to grow into shape and brightened. And at last, there beamed before me the beautiful face of my dreams.

I smiled, sadly smiled, for I knew it must soon vanish and I had no right to try to keep it. But to my surprise it smiled hopefully in return. It moved and the drapery about the shoulders lengthened until they seemed to wrap a full form and then merged into the darkness. The strange being drew nearer; I did not fear it, but wonder held me silent. At last I found voice to speak.

“Are you real? Can you speak to me?”

Clear, low, silvery, as one might imagine the voice of an angel, the answer came.

“I am real. I can speak to you. I am not embodied, but I live as truly as do you. You knew me and loved me once in the long ago. Not the ‘long ago’ you speak of, this was thousands of years in the past. Listen! Be quiet and turn your thoughts inward. Do you not catch even a fleeting glimpse of the warm sunshine, the purple grapes?”

And like a waft of perfume flitting ere it is caught, came a swift memory of soft blue skies, a breath of fragrance that lulled the senses to sleep, flowers and light and love, and a sweet face near my own—a lightning gleam of perfect, unquestioning happiness. Yes, I knew the face, I loved it in some long gone age. The form floated close to my side and laid a hand so soft it could scarce be felt upon my brow.

“Yes, we were very happy for a time, in that sunny land across the sea so long ago. But it ended sorrowfully and you have never quite forgiven. I left you alone. I let them give my life to another and I told you that I never loved you.”

As the voice sank to a murmur that was like the longing moan of the midnight sea, I seemed to feel again the despair of a bereaved heart and deep blackness engulfed me. Only for a moment—I could not have endured it longer.

“You suffered—you lost interest in life, lost ambition, lost life itself at last for my sake. One day—do you not catch a faint remembrance—a lion broke away from his keepers—a terrible, terrible animal! And I was in his path, and you—at a critical moment—threw yourself upon him, you were killed and I escaped.”

I felt for one brief instance the spell of an awful terror, a hot, fierce breath wrapping me, a crushed sensation—then the present whirled into place again as though I had recovered from a dizzy attack.

“We met again in another life. I did not know you; yet your presence had for me a strange fascination and I sought you out when I knew I could not and must not love you. You were a peasant boy and a sweet little maiden loved you. You might have been happy with her, but you had caught a glimpse of my face and you followed me; only to disaster, and sorrow and disappointment. Your little sweetheart died of a broken heart and you failed in everything. You wasted your powers and the happiness you might have conferred was lost. This is one reason you have so much to live over. I also have learned since then through much experience and suffering. It is possible for me now to look back over the cycle of my incarnations and remember. I know we have often crossed each other’s paths, and that the attraction between us has always been great. We belong to each other, yet it seems that our destinies could not be worked out without this separation. But the time has come. You

need me; together we may be happy and work out restitution where it belongs. Your powers will be restored. We ought now to be together, you and I, for existence will not be complete until we are. Yet you are in the material world, I in the invisible. How shall the chasm be bridged?"

I could not at the moment realize that a chasm existed. She seemed to be so real, so lovable and sweet. But it was I who had been carried out of myself as it were, and into her sphere. I did not know that I could not remain there.

"I do not care for this life," I cried, "take me to your own. You are all my heart desires as you are—take me across and make me like you."

"I cannot do that," she said gently, "your present life experience is not finished. You have much to learn, much to complete. I cannot bring you to me, yet, but—I might—come—to—you."

The words were spoken so low—a mere breath, like the breath of an angel, that I barely heard them. They thrilled their meaning to my soul rather than made themselves audible to my ears.

"What do you mean? What things are you capable of doing?"

"Will you wait for me? Will you be patient, will you be true to yourself and me, make all you can of your life and its possibilities; bear all things bravely knowing that the time shall come?"

"I will do whatever you say. I will bear everything so that we shall sometime be united. But what is this mystery? How can you come to me? Or must I not question you?"

"I cannot tell you all now, but this much you may know. I will live again in the body. You will meet me in the fullness of time. You will need the years which will be yours alone to work in. You will find me when you need me most."

She seemed to float down to my brow and the ethereal face lay close to mine. If there can be a spirit of a kiss I received it then. And a moment later the fair being was gone; only my dark, chilly room remained in all its poverty-stricken ugliness. But my spirit glowed with a new cheerfulness and I no longer wished to die.

With renewed courage, I took up the work of life again. I was filled with hope—for what I scarcely knew. Whether the vision of the night was real or not, it left its impress on my existence. In some

way my life would be filled out and a full development of my powers would be achieved. I prospered; even so that I often forgot that introspective, quiet communing of spirit with the spirit of the universe which my soul needed and which always seemed to bring nearer the love life that I lacked and still longed for.

Slow, well-occupied years crept by. I had not found all that I had hoped for—though I humbly trusted there might be some who were the happier for my having lived—and there were moments when cheerlessness settled down upon me beyond my power to dispel it. One night I felt wearied and desolate; all the good in the universe seemed far away and I could not believe in the sublime necessity of all things sufficiently to care to live. And I wandered out far way—out of the city to where the river flowing along between grassy banks knew only the heavy shadows of the natural wildwood over its silvery surface. I sat down upon the banks and listened to the low sighing of the winds of autumn; the trees whispered sad, tender secrets above me, and restless birds the indefinite sounds of lowly animal life, and the mysterious crackling of twigs and limbs one hears in the forest when one's ears are attuned aright, came to me

soothingly as do the voices of nature ever when one listens for them. Then suddenly I seemed to be no longer alone. I looked around; above me on the rising bank, stood a little child, a girlish, white-robed fairy or sprite, fair-haired, and blue-eyed, with the fresh, delicate bloom of a wild rose on her dainty face, and the air of familiarity with the forest, and the light, and the birds and animals that made her seem a part of them.

"Come here, little one," I said, "you are not afraid of me are you?"

She moved toward me slowly gazing earnestly in my face before she spoke.

"No, not now," she said in a sweet, tinkling little voice, "I thought I might be, but now it seems to me I have known you before. Yes, I am sure I have, and I like you."

She came quite close and sat down confidently by my side.

"Where do you think you ever saw me?"

Again the child gazed thoughtfully into my eyes then sagely shook her golden head.

"I do not know—I cannot remember; but it makes no difference. You have been kind to me sometime; I like you and I know you are good."

It seemed to me as if the little thing had settled down by my side like a part of myself and belonged there. I did not trouble myself to talk to her a great deal—she did not expect it. Sometimes she spoke as though she were answering my thought, and at the time it did not seem strange. I have an impression that long silences fell between us and yet no sense of alienation was apparent. And when I realized at length that it was very late and that the child ought to be home and in bed, I felt as though I had been in conversation with a dear congenial friend.

“Why, my dear, you must not stay away from home so long; I wonder that some one has not come for you ere this; come shall I lead you home?”

“I know the way; I will go by myself when you start. No one will miss me, for I am always with the birds and flowers.”

“Where do you live?”

“In the old mansion hidden in the trees back there. I have a grandpa and old Esther but they let me do as I like. No one ever comes to see us. I do not care for people—or did not until you came.”

“I am glad, little maiden, that you like me. Will you come and sit with me again—that is if no one objects?”

"Yes, indeed, I will watch for you every evening until you come again. And I will tell you a great many wonderful things."

"I believe you are capable of it," I smiled; "you seem a marvelously wise little child. I will soon come again. Good night, little one." She put the tiniest hand imaginable in mine and said a quiet good night. And then she flitted away among the shadows. I went to the spot many times afterward, and always found the pretty, fairy-like child waiting for me. It seemed so quiet, so restful to me, sitting on the shadowy bank, with the whole heart of nature throbbing around me, and the sweet spirit-like creature close to me, apparently thinking my thoughts and following my meditations with a strange readiness and happiness that I did not then question. I made no further inquiries as to who she was, who were her people, why she was left so much alone—it seemed to me then of no consequence. For two years our visits at intervals were kept up, and were my only relaxation. Invariably they did me good and strengthened me.

But one evening I reached the place and found only darkness and loneliness awaiting me. No little tender voice

greeted me, no white, gliding form crept to my side, and even the birds seemed desolate and unhappy. I waited long but she came not. I wished now that I had learned more about her, where she lived and who had charge of her. But it was useless to regret. I wandered about the gates of the old mansion I found nearly half a mile back of the river, but all was dreary silence, and the quiet was like that of a long deserted place. Often in the years following, I returned, but found the banks, the trees, the old uncommunicable walls, unchanged, and undisturbed.

More years glided by until seventeen lay between me and the lonely night of my vision. The dream had paled to a faint, mystical memory, and belief in its promise had left me entirely. People called me prosperous—I had toiled hard and endured much, and some measure of success was sure to be mine. But I was not happy—not sad nor moody, for one does not gain in that spirit, but something I lacked—something that left my life incomplete, and a strange loneliness and desire rested like a cloud on my faculties. I wondered at times why I had never found love and the quiet bliss of domesticity that came to other men; but I would not believe that I was relying on

the promise of a dream—I thought somehow, no woman had ever touched my heart in the right way.

I happened to be far out on a country road one afternoon, when a heavy storm threatened to overtake me. No village, no dwellings were in sight; but at a curve and a dip in the road, where a cluster of trees made the hollow dark and shadowy, a little old church stood isolated and secluded as though shunning the worldly gaze of passers by. I hastened toward it as the air darkened and stirred fitfully with ominous breathings of coming stress. Low mutterings of thunder sounded in the distance and vivid bursts of light gilded the world with a strange brilliance at intervals. I was relieved to find the door open, as I pushed away some wild shrubbery, but not so well pleased to find the building occupied.

The interior was dark, shadowy and mysterious in its gloom and quiet. One dim light burned near the altar and a little group of people were gathered around it. One was a priest, as I could easily discern, and two were tall, dark, heavily cloaked men. A slighter figure, veiled and wrapped stood with her hands folded apathetically before her, while one of the men leaned against a pillar as though

guarding her carefully without wishing to do so. I could hear a low murmur of voices with intervals of silence and the shuffling of heavy boots as though the men were restless. What could be their purpose? If it was a marriage, it seemed a very strange and gloomy one; but they did not seem to be proceeding with it, if that were their object. A natural if an ignoble curiosity impelled me to move nearer, I could distinguish the words spoken then, and the taller and apparently the elder of the men was saying:

“How long should it take him?”

“With the horse he has, not more than three-quarters of an hour.”

“It is too long; we ought to be on our way before that time. If this absurd priest——.”

“Hush! No needless squabbles. There is simply no other way.”

“Gentlemen,” the calm cultivated voice of the priest began, “if my duty permitted me I should not have caused this delay. But I dare not perform this solemn ceremony in a case like the present, without a written permission from the lady’s proper guardian.”

“But I am practically the young lady’s guardian; I have acted as such for the last five years as I have represented in all

things the gentleman who happens to be her lawful guardian. His health does not permit of his being disturbed by business affairs. I have full power to decide and it will be but a mere form—an annoying one, by the way—for him to write this permission. It is nonsense, I say.”

“You may be able to satisfy the law but not the church. I perceive—pardon me—an evident reluctance, or at least an extreme indifference to the ceremony on the part of the young lady. She is not of age; and she has no woman friend with her. I am very reluctant at best to see the marriage solemnized. But I certainly can go no further unless I receive a written consent from her grandfather, her rightful guardian.”

The man seemed to mutter an oath under his breath. At the same moment, a terrible peal of thunder shook the earth. The man became silent and gave an apprehensive glance out of the long, narrow window.

“I fear the fellow will not be able to make his way back.”

“Why not defer it? Why such haste? Take a pleasanter day and have everything prepared,” suggested the clergyman

"I hate a deferred marriage," growled the elder man. Besides the groom is impatient."

The man who had not spoken merely changed his position, folded his arms and leaned against a pillar with an air of haughtiness.

"He has but two days before him of freedom; then he must join his ship. I will not discuss the matter any further—the ceremony must be performed today—and that is all there is about it."

A blinding flash lit up the whole interior, and disclosed the faces of all present. The silent man looked out from his broad-brimmed dark hat, pale, almost livid—it was the face of an awed demon; the other, black, defiant, frightened, seemed that of a lost spirit determined to do what evil was possible before its eternal doom fell upon it. The priest's countenance—calm, sad, thoughtful, might have been that of a judge. And the lady—for an instant she raised her face and the brilliant light revealed all its beauty—and ah! its familiarity. It was the face of the child I had lost, grown older but sweeter, the face of my dream love, the face of the vision who had promised to come back to earth and find me

And yet, she was not mine; she had not come to me. In a few moments perhaps, she would belong to another. Could it be possible then, she was to be nothing to me after all? Was it all a dream, a vision, which should never have any realization? All the while the thunder rolled and muttered and I could feel the old building quiver as though it were one with the storm. The rain fell with a continuous roar and the winds lashed and whipped the great broad sheets of water into spray. In moments that the lightning ceased it was as dark as night; and the burst of light blinded us and gave a weird, unreal aspect to all things. A strange thrill born of the storm and the lightning stirred our beings and made us seem a part of all the universe. I moved toward the others.

"I am a wayfarer seeking shelter from the storm," I said, as I approached, looking only at the slight figure near the altar.

They all turned and gazed at me in some astonishment—except the lady. Nothing seemed to interest her, so apathetic was her posture, her air, her look, I could only believe that she was under the influence of some drug, or, it might be, some hypnotic spell, something that had robbed her of her own individuality.

I must, I must somehow reach her soul, cleared of all mists and shadows, and then she would know her own. At that moment a terrible shock came. A great, startling, fiery brilliancy enwrapped us and a sound as of the breaking up of the foundations of the earth stunned our ears. The electric flood that tore the old steeple from its supports and cast the men to the ground in a stunned unconsciousness, seemed to rend the veil that hung round the spirit of my beloved. Her deep beautiful eyes flashed open,—straight into my soul they gazed, and we came together. She knew me. She saw more than I, for in that brief instant, ages past in a strange, swift vista opened before her. I need never, never fear again that I should lose her. We clasped hands and stood enraptured, while the storm raged on, and the only human beings near us lay in death-like insensibility. Words seemed unnecessary; our souls communed in a language of their own, and for the first time in my existence, I was completely happy.

Whether hours or minutes passed, I know not. The whole room seemed to be full of people suddenly. Confusion and the speech of many, the efforts of some to bring to life the stunned men on

the floor, all plunged me into what seemed a broken dream; for I had been actually living, a moment before, and the new scene appeared unreal. I knew presently, that the elder man, but little injured, was inquiring for his charge; and that he came toward us with a scowling face and asked what I was doing with his niece. He said she was imprudent to be talking to a stranger, and she must come with him.

"She will never go with you again;" I said with the quiet of conscious power, "she is to be my wife."

"You are insane. I will have you put in charge. This lady is the bride of my friend, to whom I owe my life."

A man touched him on the shoulder.

"It was no use. My master is dead. I arrived too late."

"You have no further hold over me," the sweet voice of my love spoke. "I am free from all of you, and I have found my own."

I wonder how many Christians there are who so thoroughly believe God made them that they can laugh in God's name; who understand that 'God invented laughter and gave it to his children.' Such belief would add a keenness to the zest in their enjoyment, and slay that sneering laughter in which a man grimaces to the fiends, as well as that feeble laughter in which neither heart nor intellect has a share.

—George MacDonald.

THE THREE SONGS.

A poet in the rosy prime
And blithe and dewy morn of time,
When song was natural as breath,
Three songs sent forth to fight with death.

And one he made to please the crowd;
It pleased them, and his praise was loud;
It pleased them greatly for a day,
And then its music died away.

And one he made to please the few;
It lived a century or two;
'Twas sung within the halls of kings,
Then vanished with forgotten things.

And one he made to please himself,
Without a thought of fame or pelf,
But sent it forth with doubt and fears,
And it outlasted all the years.

No other song has vital breath
Through endless time to fight with death,
Than that the singer sings apart,
To please his solitary heart.

I must believe that many of the ills of which men complain would be speedily cured if they would work in the strength of prayer. If the man had not taken up his bed when Christ bade him, he would have been a great authority with the scribes and chief priests against the divine mission of Jesus. The power to work is a diviner gift than a great legacy.

—*George MacDonald.*

THE IMMORTALIZED JESUS.

BY PAUL TYNER.

In asserting the continued existence on earth of the man Jesus, in the body of *flesh and blood*, it is by no means intended to deny the law demonstrated throughout the universe in all forms of life, simple or complex, of the progress from birth to maturity, and from maturity to decay, so far as *outer form* is concerned. What this continued existence of Jesus in a body of flesh and blood means is dominion and *control* over the law by which construction, destruction and reconstruction are constantly going on in all forms; its deliberate and conscious direction at all times. As a matter of fact, material form is the very essence of mental flexibility; and this is especially true in regard to the human form. The spirit—which is the man himself, formless and immaterial, is continually building and rebuilding a habitation for himself, calling to himself, out of the universal ocean of matter and force, all the elements he needs, and rejecting and expelling that which he has used, when he has taken from it all that he requires, and it no longer serves his purpose. The apple on the tree comes into existence, grows and expresses its soul, in form, color and flavor in the same way. In man the process may be made a conscious one.

In the true sense, there is no such thing as a “disembodied spirit,” cognizable by the senses, psychic or physical. Spirit and matter are counterparts, and each is essential to the other; but matter varies in degrees of density. Spirit must embody itself for manifestation and expression. Yet the body may be visible on one plane of consciousness, and invisible on another. Jesus, on attaining to spiritual self conscious-

ness, deliberately and consciously chose, and has since constantly chosen, his embodiment, moulding it from day to day, into greater and greater responsiveness to his will. This will is the Cosmic Will, the will of the Father. And this is the secret of harmony and power. He is able to pass through closed doors and stone walls *in this body*, so consciously controlled, because of his power to change its vibrations. That is to say, he passes through stone walls as ethers or gases pass through substances of lower vibration and greater density. The component elements of the human body, while governed to some extent by the "plan and specifications" of *normal human anatomical structure and organization*, are really in what might be called a state of flux. The old Greeks considered the universe in a state of flux, as indeed it is. What we know as "flesh and blood" may be resolved instantly into ether, and out of ether as instantly called back into the forms called flesh and blood. In fact, we are now unconsciously and automatically passing through this very process of appearing and disappearing every moment. We turn brain and brawn into mental or muscular energy in the activity that results in creation or destruction in every field of effort, and in the individualization of character. In rest, we again crystalize, into individual brawn and brain, so to speak, the universal energy of thought, in air, food, water and environment.

"The life is more than the meat," means simply that the individualized intelligence of the ego is creator of flesh and blood—creator and destroyer—its veritable lord and master. The shadow depends on the sun, not the sun on the shadow. Matter is but the shadow of force; a mode of motion; my body is my mind reflecting itself in motion, a shadow of my soul. Being is reflected in existence; as reflection may therefore, be assumed to be necessary to Being, existence is necessary to Being. Man has no life apart from God. Death is demonstration of the error of thinking he has. Life in an everlasting body is Jesus'

tangible demonstration of the truth that life everlasting is found in acceptance and realization of the life of God as the only life.

I am fully aware of the difficulties in the way of describing a phenomenon, not merely unfamiliar, but considered impossible to most men. Clear comprehension of what is meant by this "immortalization of the flesh" may however be arrived at through an analogy conveying a very close approximate to the actuality. You are asked to imagine an architect who has planned a very beautiful and perfect dwelling; one whose mind holds the plan very distinctly and completely, and who is himself a master builder, with unlimited command of the force and material needed to embody his plan, and with unerring knowledge of an instantaneous method of building. Imagine further, that this architect, standing in the midst of the dwelling he has planned and built, should find that by some chance, or rather law, it was burned up every night without, however, burning *him*, or in the least injuring his powers. Remember that the plan remains intact; that the builder's *skill* and strength not consumed; that his command of material, sufficient to his needs, and instantaneous in supply, remains with him; that it is placed and combined in due order and proportion at his will. What would happen? Would he not reproduce this dwelling as quickly as it was destroyed? Would there, in fact, be any apparent break into the continuity of the dwelling? The only possible changes would be that, with experience and consequent growth? the plan would expand in beauty and strength, the material part of the building would become ever finer and finer, the adjustment of its various parts one to another more and more delicately exact. This, in a rough way, conveys an idea of what is meant by the immortal man in an immortal embodiment.

No difficulty appears to be found in conceiving the immortal principle in man as embodying itself in a succession of bodies, on an ascending or descending

scale—any more than we find it difficult to conceive of the universal principle of life embodying itself in a variety of forms in an ascending or descending scale. Yet, any such process must be considered complex and uncertain, compared to the simple and definite processes of the cosmically conscious man consciously and deliberately rebuilding, from day to day, that embodiment which best expresses his thought, and which best answers to his requirements. In this, as in other things, evolution of forms and of processes is all in the direction of greater simplicity and of increased economy and efficiency in the doing of our work. It is *not the personal Jesus that is immortalized*, or that has the power of immortalizing the flesh, but the *Christ principle* clothed in that personality? animating it and using it simply as one of its modes of motion, so to speak. Yet, the Christ in Jesus came into such fullness and clearness of manifestation that his personality is indeed the lamp from which shines “the light of the world that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”

ANTIQUITY.

He spoke to us of Egypt in her prime ;
 He showed us pictures of the rock-hewn kings,
 And Memnon's hoary bulk that no more sings
 His greeting to the morning sun. The time
 Slipped back through thirty centuries dim with rime
 And mist that veils the dawn of human things,
 Until we felt the awe the great past brings
 To us who dwell in this unstoried clime.

And then he paused and turned ; the night was torn
 With flying clouds, but once there gleamed a star ;
 And he: “Lo, that dim light saw Egypt born ;
 Before it, all earth's ages moments are,
 And all her greatness but a grain of sand.”

—A. Jessup, in *The Dial*.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

This one knows joy, and says: "Ah, life is sweet!"

And sorrow this one: "Nay, 'tis drowned in tears."

Meanwhile the picture is made all complete

By God, great chiaroscurist of the years,

Who uses light and shade, and in whose thought

The whole is clearly limned and calmly sought.

—RICHARD BURTON.

What the Father would make and will make, and
that toward which he is ever working, is the best.

—George MacDonald.

A very interesting and unique work, is "Vibration the Law of Life," by W. H. Williams. In his introduction the author says that the purpose of the book is "to mark out a clear, direct path according to nature's law, accessible to every child of earth." His evident object is to express his thought simply and clearly, and in this he is signally successful; his style is easy and the language so plain and forceful that a child may grasp the thought. The book is full of valuable suggestions on points vital to the health and well-being of the individual, particularly in relation to the nervous and mental system. His remarks and instructions in regard to breathing are especially good. . . . By means of a sensitized organism he has sensed the great transmutative energies, whose spiral path is an ever-ascending one, and, from this standpoint of sensation, he gives a method by which the life currents are to be energized.—*The Esoteric*.

SOUND VIBRATION.

That sound is really the result of vibration may be readily demonstrated: Take a bell jar and strike it smartly; it emits sound, which, however, can be immediately stopped by pressing a finger on the outside rim or edge. The vibrations can be distinctly felt as the finger is placed in that position. Again strike the jar, and holding it horizontally, place a small piece of metal within, when the latter will be seen to be violently shaken, the movement being imparted to it by the vibrations emitting the sound, and the quality of the sound is to some extent modified by the metal fragment. The vibration of the strings of the harp and other musical instruments may also be referred to in this connection. Sound is propagated in all elastic bodies, but not *in vacuo*. A pretty experiment is usually made to demonstrate this. A bell continually struck by a clock-work arrangement is placed in the receiver of an air-tight vessel. If the air be withdrawn from the receiver, no sound will reach us, though we can see that the bell is being struck. On the air being gradually re-admitted we at first hear a faint sound of the bell, which sound becomes stronger as the air is more fully admitted. Conversely, in proportion as the air is withdrawn, the sound becomes feebler.

The man in whom men recognize simply an average nature like their own, no greater, and no less, who they know has all their passions, and infirmities, and no more than their strength to meet them with, he is the man, who, being faithful, pure, serene, brave, hopeful, has power to make his brethren all that he tries to be, of a kind which no brilliant leader of his race can show. Here is a man whom they cannot call exceptional, and see—with just their tools he does this finer work!—*Phillips Brooks*

THE PNEUMA IS THE BREATH.

"Vibration the Law of Life" is the title of a new book (\$1.25) by W. H. Williams, of Denver, upon breathing. It is based on experiences and successes of his own and seeks to give a scientific exposition thereof. All knowledge and all happiness await him who learns and practices the proper breathings. They induce clairvoyance, clairaudience, the healing of all disease physical and mental. Though there is absolutely no mention of the phrase "Holy Spirit" in this book, all the results which the early Christians, are said to have derived from the Sanctus spiritus, are independently shown by Dr. Williams to be obtainable from a special breathing. He does not, however, state the fact that the Greek word "pneuma" and the Latin "spiritus" always meant breath or breathing until later Christians undertook to make them mean Spirit in the sense of Ghost or invisible personality. If "pneuma," which in all other writings means breath, were translated literally in the New Testament, a wonderful mine of scientific knowledge would be unfolded thereby for those who know how to and do persistently practice this special (holy) breathing which this book describes.—*Charles W. Smiley, in Microscopical Journal.*

Where, then, is the healing of the Father? All the world over, in every man's life and knowledge, almost in every man's personal experience, although it may be unrecognized as such. For just as in certain moods of selfishness our hearts are insensible to the tenderest love of our surrounding families, so the degrading spirit of the commonplace enables us to live in the midst of ministrations, so far from knowing them as such, that it is hard for us to believe that the very heart of God would care to do that which his hand alone can do and is doing every moment.

—*George MacDonald.*

TODAY'S DEMAND.

God give us men. A timelike this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready
 hands:
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor;
 Men who will not lie;
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking.
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.
 God give us men.

—*John T. Trowbridge.*

The man who will not speculate at all, can make no progress. The thinking about the possible is as genuine, as lawful, and perhaps as edifying an exercise of the mind as the severest induction. Better lies still beyond. Experiment itself must follow in the track of sober conjecture; for if we know already, where is the good of experiment?—*George MacDonald.*

The following is said to have been announced from the pulpit of a rural church in England: "There will be preaching in this house, Providence permitting, next Sunday, and there will be preaching whether or not on Monday following upon the subject, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,' at precisely half past three o'clock in the afternoon."

THE ARENA IN GOOD HANDS.

Paul Tyner of Denver has purchased a controlling interest in *THE ARENA*, the radical review founded in Boston by B. O. Flower about ten years ago, and within a week the delayed October issue will appear under Mr. Tyner's editorial direction. The new editor's name is familiar to *ARENA* readers as a frequent contributor of articles on sociological subjects, and he has written much for the *Independent*, *Lend-a-Hand*, the *Congregationalist*, *New Unity*, *Coming Light*, *Twentieth Century*, *Meta-physical Magazine*, as well as for such English monthlies as the *Humanitarian* and the *New Science Review*. Before going west five years ago Mr. Tyner had been engaged in newspaper work in New York for twelve years, beginning as a reporter on the *World* under W. H. Hurlbert in 1880 and attaining some reputation as a book reviewer and special writer for the daily papers. After a training in economics under Professor Richard T. Ely at the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Tyner engaged in important sociological investigation in the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and California. As special agent of the Ohio Bureau of Labor Statistics in 1894, he made a report on the sweating system in Cincinnati, which was materially instrumental in securing remedial legislation. In Denver he has devoted himself with some success to the mission of municipal reform. Mr. Tyner is the author of several successful books, including "The Living Christ," a plea for practical Christianity; "Cash or Credit?" an essay on the currency question; and "Through the Invisible" and "The Captain's Dream," stories. As editor of *THE TEMPLE*, a monthly magazine published in Denver and devoted to the optimistic philosophy known as "the new thought," Mr. Tyner has done much to popularize and make practical

the modern metaphysical movement, broadening its basis and emphasizing its larger application. Under the new editorship, THE ARENA's old policy will be developed and strengthened, so as to make the review indispensable to the large army of independent thinkers whose sympathies are with the social advance movement of the day.—*Boston Transcript, October 18, 1898.*

Now to make our labor or employment an acceptable service unto God we must carry it on with the same spirit and temper that is required in giving of alms, or any work of piety.—*Law.*

All our progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud; you have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud and fruit.

—*R. W. Emerson.*

During recent years a good deal of misinformation has been spread broadcast concerning the vibratory forces of the universe. The literature of the subject is very confusing, though not abundant. Glimmerings of the truth that vibration is the real secret of the law of growth and of existence itself, however, have been had in various quarters of the West, while to Eastern occultists the subject has been for centuries a matter of the profoundest scientific study. But the lack of practical value and lucidity that we find in the results of Oriental researches in this realm has been admirably supplied by Mr. Williams in the present volume. "A system of vital gymnastics, with practical exercises in harmonic breathing and movement," inadequately describes its contents, in which is included an immense variety of information and instruction of vital importance to all who would conform to Nature's laws and thus secure life's choicest blessings. It is a most excellent and timely work, for which the author is entitled to the gratitude especially of practitioners of the healing art.—*Mind, N. Y.*

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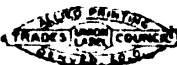
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